

THE STUDY CHRONICLE.



MIDSUMMER 1962



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The Study

3 2 3 3 THE BOULEVARD - WESTMOUNT

FOUNDED 1915. Incorporated by Act of the Quebec
Legislature for the Elementary and Higher Education
of Girls, under a Board of Governors.



Headmistress

MISS KATHARINE LAMONT, B.A., M.A.

Vice-Principal

MISS MARY MARSHALL, B.A., M.A.

Governors

A. M. CAMPBELL, ESQ., *Chairman*

MISS E. D. BENSON

J. E. BIRKS, ESQ.

MRS. J. M. CAPE

MRS. G. S. FISHER

MRS. A. GILDAY

R. D. P. GILDAY, ESQ.

G. C. JARVIS, ESQ.

W. T. STEWART, ESQ.

MISS JANET INGHAM - - - - - *Secretary-Treasurer*

MIDSUMMER, NINETEEN SIXTY-TWO



MISS SEATH

"You shall not think the past is finished."

(T. S. Eliot)

But it is hard for you to say goodbyes when the ties which they break have been longer than your lives. It is hard for all of us. In losing Miss Seath and Miss Harbert, we are losing part of ourselves.

It is impossible to imagine The Study without Miss Seath. As Miss Gascoigne's closest friend, she heard it all discussed from the beginning. When the school opened in its first house on Sherbrooke Street in 1917, it was she who opened the door. Some of the small children who came climbing up the steps that day are now distinguished women in middle life, but they remember with affection her kindly greeting and with still more affection the hours in her studio. When the School was settled on Seaforth Avenue, her eye for colour was in evidence everywhere: the original blue of the lower school furniture was mixed by her. For a time a house across the street was rented for the Lower School and Miss Seath was in charge of it. When the second house was bought for the Lower School and joined to the first one, Miss Seath as Headmistress of the School was in charge of that. Administration was not to her taste — it is an inartistic occupation — and in time she was freed from it to concentrate on art. Her paintings for the walls of Lower B we could not leave behind and they are in our present Lower B, but we had to leave behind the murals with which she brightened that awkward little brick lined stairway between the two houses. Who else would have thought of peopling it with rabbits and deer and a forest out of a fairy tale? When it came time to move again there were people who muttered in solemn whispers that Miss Seath would find it hard to leave the old house. That was all they knew about it. Miss Seath and Miss Gascoigne had long ago discussed moving up high on the mountain and Miss Seath was in a hurry to get there, cheerful through all the uncertainty and merry as a grig amid the dirt and disorder. She was the first of all of us to make our standing joke about being unable to teach for looking out of the windows.

Her pupils will appreciate the comedy of her being unable to teach. It is not necessary to be gifted to learn from her, for it is her creed that art has something for everyone and that everyone can find some expression there. The gifted ones developed and went on to be artists, some of them professional artists. The rest of the world painted and fingerpainted and drew in charcoal and made clay models and found a whole new world of joy and appreciation. Thousands of pupils must have passed through her hands and through them all she went smiling. Probably she could not say to herself which she enjoyed more — getting out clay for the Lower School with the cheerful comment "Mud Pies to-day" or watching the progress of the Sixth Form as they designed their stained glass windows. Posters and murals for all good causes she would gladly supply and never notice that the request was sometimes a compliment. And what is there that the Art Room cannot make for plays!

There is one aspect of Miss Seath's teaching of which she herself is completely unaware. Ever since I came to the School she has murmured at intervals, "Wouldn't you like me to take down some of these pictures? You might be getting tired of them." I really believe that she does not know what it has meant to us and to the school to live with her paintings. They do not go unappreciated. In recent years several have been bought at exhibitions and given to the School and each acquisition has been hailed with joy and glee. The Sixth Form asked for the red flowers as their own. The white lilies were so much in demand that they went on tour from classroom to classroom. When the white tree was given to us it was put on exhibition: the ultimate in sincere compliments came from a Lower A who asked in awed tones, "Did she trace it?" We are proud that her work hangs in the National Gallery of Canada. We know that she is represented in a number of private collec-

tions. But only the Study girls have lived with her paintings year by year and room by room and have gone out knowing genuine art when they see it. Miss Seath usually talks with her paint brush. Two occasions stand out to show her methods. This winter she gave a lecture for the S.O.G.A., showing slides and making some apparently casual comments. At the end of an hour her audience wondered how they had managed to learn so much in so short a time: certainly I saw the point of Giotto's work for the first time in my life. A few years ago the S.O.G.A. organized a sale of the work of Miss Seath's pupils and the walls of the lecture hall were crowded with canvases of the widest variety and the highest quality. Literally hundreds of friends came that evening to do her honour. Through it all Miss Seath slipped quietly, looking as if this was all entirely an accident and she was not the guest of honour.

Since we cannot imagine the School without her, she will keep an easel in the Art Room and come here to paint.

It is equally hard for the younger people to think of the School without Miss Harbert. Over twenty years ago she joined the staff to help out in an emergency as part time geography teacher. Her honours degree was in English and History, her post graduate degree in History, and her certificate in education was gained before the days of training to teach what you do not know. Therefore in the most obliging way in the world, Miss Harbert learned geography, took courses in geography and found that she liked geography. She remained as the Study's expert until there was a vacancy difficult to fill in English, when, in the most obliging way in the world, she returned to her first subject and became the head of the department. That is an all day and all night type of work, but Miss Harbert has carried it for eight years combined with an unusual amount of outside interest and responsibility, and has always had plenty of enthusiasm left over for anything else which was going on.

If you want something done, just ask the busiest person whom you know. In the old school we decided to have a library in the little division room upstairs. It was Miss Harbert who chose and organized the Library Committee and arranged the cataloguing. She was also the person who knew how to furnish it for very little money by haunting the second hand shops of the less salubrious parts of St. Lawrence Main: we are still using that furniture in various places. When we decided to have plastic covered window seats, she knew where to get the quilts for stuffing and got the special glue donated by a firm who put it down to scientific experiment. I am not sure that we were scientific: we had a merry afternoon in the old library while the Committee made the window seat cushions. And there have been some happy afternoons haunting book shops choosing books. When black-out curtains for the gymnasium in the new school proved fantastically expensive, it was Miss Harbert's suggestion that we still had our old stage curtains, now useless: we could bleach them, dye them, cut them up and put them up and down like the sails of a yacht. Most of the work was done in our own lunch room amid considerable amusement.

Somehow one always associates Miss Harbert with the happy things. She has run the movie machine for all the films and when our own broke down she coped with a rented one and nearly burned her fingers. She has taped all sorts of things upon the tape recorder and used some of them for imaginative sound effects in the plays which she has produced, for in recent years she has directed the dramatic groups in the Upper and Middle Schools and produced the most varied assortment of dramas. The introduction of Elizabethan music for Shakespeare is a particularly happy inspiration. In fact one would wonder how she has had any time to teach.



MISS HARBERT

Yet everything else has been extras. Miss Harbert's contribution to the school has been her teaching, and particularly her teaching of English. People say that it is hard to assess the value of a teacher. It is not in the least hard to assess: it is merely impossible to describe. One has only to look at the pupils, and listen to them, to know all about the person teaching them. The production of *Midsummer Night's Dream* is reviewed elsewhere, but any audience could tell that the youthful cast both understood its meaning and felt its poetry. It is not by accident that a Study girl won a place in the finals of the McGill Alumnae public speaking competition. It is not by accident that the Alexander Hutchison Essay Competition has grown from fifteen entries to one hundred and nine. This magazine, after all, is written in English and the reader can judge.

Why do the most self-effacing people always leave the largest holes? But we are fortunate to have had them, for art and literature are solidly rooted in the school. To quote from Wren's tomb in St. Paul's:

*Lector, si monumentum requiras, circumspice.

Katharine Lamont.

*Reader: if you seek a monument, look about you.



'still life'

by MISS SEATH

THE NEW VICE-PRINCIPAL

The School welcomes the appointment of Miss Marshall as Vice-Principal. It has come as no surprise, as most of the girls are taught by her and have asked her advice at one time or another. They know how much she has contributed in her quiet manner to the life of the school and her understanding and helpfulness are appreciated by all.

She came to the school in 1942, after teaching at The Bishop Strachan School. For a number of years she was Form Mistress of Upper Fifth but in 1960 changed to the Sixth Form. Because of the work and the responsibilities belonging to the highest class her judgement in all decisions and calm composure in the inevitable crises which appear in the last year are greatly respected. Her Latin class is one of the most interesting ones of the morning, especially as Latin must be a difficult language to make alive and to teach. Latin is not always a simple course but unclear translations are patiently explained. Her interest in her pupils is proved by her ability to give advice and to offer the right solution to a problem. Many of her quiet suggestions are adopted and her encouragement regarding future careers is very helpful.

In her new capacity she will continue to assist the Sixth Forms and to help run the rest of the school in the future.

LINDSAY SCOTT

STAFF NOTES

In 1962 we are pleased to say that there have not been very many changes in the staff. We were sorry to see Miss Harbon of Lower A and Miss Newton of Lower B leave the Study, but we welcomed Miss Kenney and Miss Upcott into the forms of Lower B and Upper B. Miss Perkin decided to take Lower A as her form this year.

Not since Miss Gascoigne's day has there been a vice-principal in the Study. The Board of Governors decided to revive the tradition and appointed to this office, Miss Marshall. On behalf of the students we would like to extend our sincere congratulations to Miss Marshall on her new appointment.

Unfortunately at the beginning of this year Miss Blanchard became ill with pneumonia and was absent from our school for a short time. Mr. Little, conductor and director of the Bach Choir of Montreal, kindly took over the direction of our music classes during this time and we would like to thank him so very much for his valuable instruction.

Miss Seath who has been a member of the staff since the very early days of the school and Miss Harbert who has been head of the English department have both decided to retire this year. We are extremely sorry to see them go but do hope that they will often come back to visit the school.

The Staff has made us fully aware that "reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man."

MARY BRINDEN, KERRY KEATOR

School Officials

<i>Head Girl</i>	- - - - -	LINDSAY SCOTT
<i>Sub-Head</i>	- - - - -	DERRY McLERNON
<i>Games Captain</i>	- - - - -	JANE NELSON

PREFECTS

MARY BRINDEN	MARY MacFARLANE
SARAH FARRELL	DERRY McLERNON
MARY HAWKEN	LINDSAY SCOTT

TEACHING STAFF

Head Mistress

MISS KATHARINE LAMONT, B.A., M.A.
University of Toronto and Oxford University

Vice-principal

MISS MARY MARSHALL, B.A., M.A.
Dalhousie University

MISS R. B. BLANCHARD, L.R.S.M., A.T.C.M. Toronto Conservatory of Music	<i>Singing</i>
MISS CHARLOTTE FOSTER, B.A. McGill University	<i>History</i>
MISS ELEANOR M. HARBERT, B.A., M.A. University of Toronto and McGill University	<i>English</i>
MISS ELIZABETH KENNEY Teacher's Certificate (Scotland)	<i>Lower B</i>
MME. J. A. KEBEDGY Licence d'enseignement du Conservatoire de Lausanne	<i>French</i>
MRS. M. LENNARD National Froebel Foundation Teaching Certificate	<i>Upper A</i>
MRS. GEORGE LITTLE Licence d'Anglais complète de la Sorbonne	<i>French</i>
MRS. T. M. LUKE, B.A. Queens University	<i>Geography</i>
MISS M. S. MALACHOWSKI Diploma of the Teachers' Training College, Breslau, Germany	<i>German</i>
MISS D. E. MOORE McGill School of Physical Education	<i>Dancing, Drill & Games</i>
MISS FRANCINE PANET-RAYMOND, B.A. University of Montreal	<i>French</i>
MISS HAZEL PERKIN Teaching Certificate of the Institute of Education, London University	<i>Lower A</i>
MRS. G. E. REIFFENSTEIN, B.A. Dalhousie University	<i>Mathematics</i>
MRS. H. R. SCOTT, B.A. Wooster College	<i>Science</i>
MISS ETHEL SEATH Member of the Canadian Group of Painters	<i>Art</i>
MISS JOSEPHINE UPCOTT Certificate 'A' of the National Froebel Foundation Teachers Certificate of the University of London Institute of Education.	<i>Upper B</i>

Editorial Section

*"Alle is buxumness there, and books for to rede and to lerne,
And great love and lykinge for each of hem loveth other."*

Piers Plowman

EDITORS

SARAH FARRELL

MARY HAWKEN

KAREN KEATOR

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

MARY BRINDEN

GAIL CORNEIL

JANE EVERSFIELD

JANET LOGAN

MARY MACFARLANE

ELISABETH MARLIN

DERRY McLERNON

LINDSAY SCOTT

EDITORIAL

When Miss Gascoigne's dream of a school became a reality in 1915, she named it "The Study", envisioning book-clad walls and children eager to learn about and to explore the world of ideals and ideas and the world of knowledge and understanding. She chose as her school motto one of her favourite quotations from Piers Plowman, which to each generation of Study girls has summed up their affectionate feeling for the school and the education they received there. The white tri-petalled, tri-leaved trillium, a truly Canadian flower, Miss Gascoigne incorporated into the school crest. The first petal symbolizes "Truth", the second "Beauty" and the third "Goodness" which are joined together by the central golden orb symbolizing the wholeness of life.

The search for truth has occupied sages and philosophers down through the ages and it is still a search which occupies the attention of all thinking people to this day. In The Study, this search is a continuing process in all our work. Truth, the accuracy of representation, is inculcated by the books we read and study, by the synthesis and analysis of the problems they present and by the instruction and guidance of our teachers. Truth, an absolute, an intangible quality and an indestructible force must be an essential part of a democracy, and it is a way of life for which The Study has always tried to prepare us.

Beauty has many interpretations at The Study. The beauty of a growing awareness of literature, art and music makes its tremendous contribution to the development of a cultured person. The beauty of tranquillity, of tradition and of high standards is an integral part of the school's life and has become part and parcel of our existence. The respect which The Study has always accorded to the individual, the right to develop her own personality unfettered by pressure to conform to a set pattern, is still another beauty found at this school.

The third white petal, symbolizing Goodness, denotes the ideals or service to scholarship, to one another, and to those less fortunate than ourselves which are part of our school training. The latter two can, perhaps, be tangibly expressed by our work for the school charities towards which every child contributes to the best of her ability by thought, word and deed.

The trillium seems such a small flower to carry such a great meaning; a flower familiar and yet unique upon which to base one's philosophy of life. It is strange how closely the school motto and the school flower complement one another and how intricately they are intertwined and woven into the very fabric of our school life. So, whenever a Canadian Spring blossoms into white trilliums of truth, beauty, and goodness, we will always remember so very much.

KAREN KEATOR



Prefects—Front Row, left to right Lindsay Scott, Derry McLernon, Mary Brinsden. Second Row, Mary Howken, Sally Farrell, Mory MacForlone.

LINDSAY SCOTT

"There are always two points of view — mine and the wrong one!"

Lindsay has carried out her duties as Head Girl this past year with her usual unassuming competence. Her normal seriousness, which is shown as she undertakes her official responsibilities, belies her fun-loving nature. Because she takes German, Lindsay's timetable is crowded, but she is stubbornly proud of her one weekly spare period. Lindsay is not only a talented artist but also a good basketball guard and this year, she joined the rest of the class on the northern ski slopes. Planning on an Arts course, she will enter McGill next fall.

Activities: Head Girl, Prefect, Second Basketball Team, '60-'61, First Basketball Team, '61-'62.



DERRY McLERNON

"I'm no angel!"

As the "Raccoon Hat" looms into view, we become aware of Derry's arrival and know that soon we will be listening intently to another of her hilarious adventures. Her good sense of humour and even temper have carried her successfully through the year as sub-head and prefect. Her ability and enthusiasm in the field of sports were displayed by her participation in many of the interschool teams. Derry will be found in Switzerland next year where she plans to continue her studies and the McLernon wit will certainly be as popular over there as here.

Activities: Sub-Head of the School, Prefect, Head of Delta Beta, Games Captain of Delta Beta, '60-'61-'62, Second Basketball Team, '57-'58-'59, First Basketball Team, '59-'60-'61-'62. Jr. Ski Team, '57-'58-'59, Sr. Ski Team, '59-'60-'61-'62, Tennis Team, '60-'61-'62, Leaders' Corps, '60-'61-'62.



LORNA BIRKS

*"Four be the things I'd be better without
Love, curiosity, freckles and doubt."*

Many thanks to Wink for her seemingly endless supply of kleenex and blotters which have saved every one of us at one time or another. A cheerful grin and logical mind have helped her in her responsibilities as a sixth former and, passing Miss Ingham's office at Break on Wednesday, one can hear the clink of coins as she carries out her duties as treasurer. Her ability to play the piano and to help the seconds in music show her to be one of the form's musicians. Wink is also very capable in the sciences and when she invades the labs at McGill next year, we know she will do very well.

Activities: School Treasurer.

MARY BRINDEN

*"Just as good as the best of us,
Just as bad as the rest of us."*

Mary's organization and efficiency, as well as her subtle but infectious sense of humour, have helped her succeed in her duties as prefect and sub-head of Delta Beta. The fact that she made the Second Basketball Team in her first year of team playing shows what can be done by her determination. Her artistic talent has proven itself by her many paintings which have decorated the gym on various school occasions. Unfortunately Mary is leaving us for London, England, this summer but we all hope to see her pixie face and unaffected manner back here before long.

Activities: Prefect, Sub-Head of Delta Beta, Second Basketball Team, '61-'62.



CAROLL CAMPBELL

"I make it a rule to believe only what I understand."

Caroll came to us in Lower Fifth from Toronto, and has since retained a deep loyalty for her 'old home town.' However, she has always taken an active part in school activities. Her rational views are for ever popping up in History class and frequently precipitate heated discussions. Caroll's keen enthusiasm and tireless perseverance have shown their worth by her success as sub-head and games captain of Kappa Rho. Her cheery manner will be a great asset in her nursing career at the Queen Elizabeth Hospital next year. We all wish her the best of luck.

Activities: Sub-Head of Kappa Rho, Games Captain of Kappa Rho, '60-'61-'62, Leaders Corp, '60-'61-'62. First Basketball Team, '60-'61-'62.



GAIL CORNEIL

"Not as saintly as she looks."

Gail's mysterious grin is familiar to many of us as her answer to questions about her "social whirl", and her small chuckle have often infected us with laughter. An easy conversationalist, Gail occasionally utters unusual words collected by reading "really good" books. She has never ceased to amaze us by her ability in the academic, athletic and musical fields and she has been a most capable House Head of Mu Gamma this year, keeping that house in its usual position of first place. With all her fur hats and her blond hair, Gail hopes to enter Arts at McGill next year.

Activities: Head of Mu Gamma, Games Captain of Mu Gamma, First Basketball Team, '60-'61-'62, Second Basketball Team, '58-'59-'60, Tennis Team, '58-'59-'60-'61-'62, Senior 'B' Ski Team, '62, Leaders Corps.



SARAH FARRELL

"How cold my toes, tiddely pom, are growing."

Sally's dry sense of humour and frequent clowning always produce the desired effect. However, we are all envious of her vocabulary and quick recognition of things classical which stem from her broad reading and extensive travelling. Sally finds singular enjoyment in arguing, and her ability in French shows her interest and feeling for all languages. In her spare time, when she is not hunting (fox) or skiing, she can be found reading voraciously. Because of her desire to create confusion (?) we are finding it hard to call our "long, tall Sally", Sarah. She is planning to take Arts, including a Russian course, at McGill next year.

Activities: Prefect, Head of Kappa Rho, Games Captain of Kappa Rho, Second Basketball Team, '60-'61-'62, Editor of the Magazine.

JEAN FINNIE

"Neatness is a sign of perfection."

Jean has been a member of the Study for the past ten years and this year she has been one of the school treasurers. Her work is always meticulously done and no matter what awkward situation arises, she somehow remains calm, cool, and collected. She is a talented pianist and has sometimes filled in for Miss Blanchard on Thursdays. Next year, Jean is going to Sir George Williams University to prepare for a future teaching career.

Activities: School Treasurer.



ELIZABETH GILDAY

"Boots, poles to skis and away."

Elizabeth is one of those people who are never at a loss for something to say and this happy faculty is particularly useful when she is reporting all events of interest from the ski hills, weekly throughout the winter. Her friendliness to everyone has enabled her to make many friends and her willingness to give anyone help, especially if it can be done in a little red car, has been appreciated by the whole form. With the growing popularity of streaked hair, Elizabeth, has been the envy of many of us because of her natural platinum streak. Next year she plans to take a secretarial course here in Montreal.

Activities: Senior Ski Team, '61, Senior 'B' Ski Team, '62.



MARY HAWKEN

"What can you expect of a day that begins with getting up in the morning?"

Always associated with Mary is her gentle thoughtfulness and sincerity. Many of us have turned to her for advice and aid and, because of her genuine interest in people, she never fails to give some encouragement or assistance. This generosity and her dependability have made her a most capable prefect and co-editor of the magazine. Continually humming or singing, Mary has a dry sense of humour which often causes us to laugh even when we are not sure why. Although she has always been a hard worker, this year she has blossomed into a French scholar. This fact disconcerts her as she is mainly interested in science and plans to become a physiotherapist in the future.

Activities: Prefect, Co-editor of the Magazine, Second Basketball Team, '59-'60.



DEIRDRE HENDERSON

"E'en tho' vanquished, she may argue still."

Dede, one of the two genuine blonds of our class, has been a member of The Study for seven years and during this time has shown an interest in languages. Although she is one of the quieter members of our class, she definitely speaks up when some matter with which she does not agree is in question. Skiing is Dede's favorite sport during the winter months and she is a staunch supporter of Chalet Cochand. Dede has proved to be a successful sub-head of Mu Gamma and we all wish her the best of luck as a lab-technician at the Montreal General Hospital next year.

Activities: Sub-Head of Mu Gamma.





KAREN KEATOR

"Why does everything happen to Kerry?"

Laden down with piles of books, Kerry arrives at school bright and early. Her comments in History class always make way for interesting discussions and sometimes heated arguments. Kerry, an enthusiastic member of the sixth form, enjoys taking part in school activities and she is always ready with some word of encouragement. A good sense of humour is one of Kerry's assets and she frequently has us in stitches as she relates amusing situations in which she has found herself. Next year Kerry plans to go to McGill.

Activities: Co-Editor of the Magazine.

JANET LOGAN

"Eternity is before us — Why hurry?"

Janet, having caught the ski bug this year, has become an enthusiastic and energetic traveller up north on the weekends. Although she has a carefree outlook on the slopes, she is very practical and hard-working and has many opinions which she does not hesitate to express. Her plaintive cry can frequently be heard interrupting class discussions or silences. Jan's artistic ability was put to good use this year when she designed our class pin. Her cheerfulness and warm smile have been assets in her years at the Study and will definitely bring her many new friends in her future nursing career.



MARY MacFARLANE

"I can't hear you. — I've got a telephone in my ear."

As a prefect and Head of Beta Lambda, Mary has been shown to be, not only capable and efficient, but also successful, as Beta Lambda is competing for top place this year. Our "good King Wenceslas" has always been known for her musical ability and she has been the organizer of several urgent practices before school concerts. Last Autumn, Mary introduced us to the game of "Gugenheimer" and since then we have become addicted fans. Her infectious giggle, as well as her freely expressed opinions, are definite parts of class arguments. Next year, Mary is headed for Connecticut College.

Activities: Prefect, Head of Beta Lambda, Second Basketball Team, '60-'61, First Basketball Team, '61-'62, Junior Ski Team, '57-'58, Senior 'A' Ski Team, '60-'61-'62, Leaders Corps, '60-'61-'62.



JANE NELSON

*"Happy am I, from care, free
Why can't the world be contented like me?"*

"Do you know what happened?" or "It was so funny!" and Jane is away with one of her innumerable humorous stories. With her contagious giggle and involved explanations, she always succeeds in making us forgive her tardiness. Enthusiastic about everything, she has been an ambitious games captain and has also encouraged Beta Lambda to compete for top position all year. Ever since the arrival of her new glasses she has been fascinated by them, and if she can keep them clean next year at the Sorbonne we know she will come back speaking French "comme une vraie Parisienne."

Activities: Games Captain, Sub-Head of Beta Lambda, Games Captain of Beta Lambda, '60-'61-'62, Leader's Corps, '60-'61-'62, Second Basketball Team, '57-'58-'59-'60, First Basketball Team, '60-'61-'62, Jr. Ski Team, '57-'58-'59, Sr. Ski Team, '59-'60-'61-'62, Tennis Team, '59-'60-'61.

PEGGY TENNANT

"A penny for your thoughts."

Peggy brought her cheerfulness to The Study in Lower Fifth. We shall always remember her friendly smile and her willingness to help those in need, e.g. putting out all the benches on Friday when her other helpers have forgotten. One of the quieter members of the form, Peggy nevertheless speaks her mind about matters of importance. This quality of definite thinking will help her next year when she goes into nursing at the Queen Elizabeth Hospital.



JOAN THORNTON



"No limit may be set to Art."

Joanie is one of the few members of the class who has been right through the school. Her interest and ability in art have more than once decorated the hall and gym with works in sculpture and painting. Her all-consuming interest in Egypt furnishes the class with many informative and unusual bits of knowledge, and her comments from the back of the room often leave us in fits of laughter. Her artistic ability has earned for her a scholarship to study at the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts.

CONSCIENCE

In the lives of all of us there come times when, filled with a spirit of daring inquiry and adventure, we are about to do something we have never done before! And then, suddenly, a little voice says, "Uh, uh, don't do it, it's wrong!" We argue: "Everybody does it. What's wrong with it? And nobody told me not to anyway!" But it's no use. This irritating little voice is the voice of conscience. But how does it know the action would have been wrong, if we have never done it before, and have never been told not to do it? There must be some general standard of right and wrong which the conscience can apply to this situation, and by which it decides: "This, as far as I can see it, would be the right action to take."

We are born with the knowledge that we must do good and avoid evil, but how can we know which is which? We are also born with a very elementary sense of justice which tells us that selfishness is bad, that promises should be kept, and that strong people shouldn't pick on weak people. Those who profess to believe in no such law are the first to complain if someone else breaks it: "Hey, wait, you promised," they cry, or, "You took the biggest share!" Apart from this very basic law, a child depends on his parents to tell him what is right and wrong. If he should see a dollar lying on the table, his first impulse might be to pocket it, but then his conscience would prick and he would remember: "No, Mummy told me not to take what isn't mine!" He would leave it, not because he has reasoned that stealing harms society, but merely because Mummy said not to and what Mummy says, goes.

But as we grow older, this is no longer sufficient. Since everyone does not have the same parents, we come in contact with people whose values are different from our own, and we begin to wonder whether we are right.

The conscience applies abstract laws to concrete situations. If we are content to accept the laws we are taught without understanding them or believing in them, we cannot deal with the many situations which do not have black and white rights and wrongs. Often we must choose between two evils. Which is worse, to tell a lie or to hurt someone with the truth? Which is more important, patriotism, or the Commandment: "Thou shalt not kill"? There is no abstract rating of which virtue is better than another. Each person must decide for himself, every time the question crops up.

At home and at school we are taught certain principles, but the moment we step outside, these principles are challenged and ridiculed. People say, "You're out of date: the important thing is to make money. What are you trying to be, a saint or something?" Remember the janitor in the U.S. who found a lot of money on the street, and returned it? He was snowed under with letters jeering at him for having followed the most elementary dictate of conscience. To be able to resist these materialistic attitudes, we must analyze and understand our own. When we have followed the line of reasoning which led to their acceptance, and tested their value against our own experience we can follow our consciences with conviction and indifference to the remarks of others.

It takes a very strong conscience to keep us on the right track, even when we know perfectly well what we should do. For instance, we all know we shouldn't spread slander: to do so only causes unhappiness, and yet who can resist a good gossip? The only way to strengthen the conscience is to live up to it. Each time it is listened to it is encouraged, and the next time it will give its prick with more conviction. But if it is repeatedly ignored, the conscience eventually gets so discouraged that it hasn't the strength to make itself heard. The society we live in is not a stable one: moral values fluctuate like prices. We can no longer depend on custom or convention to keep us on the right path. The strength must come from within. It is only with the guidance of healthy consciences, based on mature and rational principles, that we can live responsible lives in this chaotic world.

*The Study Old Girls' Association
Prize for Public Speaking*

ELISABETH MARLIN, *Upper Fifth*

COUNTRY FUN AND CITY PLEASURES

I think that I am qualified to talk on country fun and city pleasures because every weekend my family and I travel to the Eastern Townships.

We have an old farm house near North Hatley. It sits up on a hill and our property seems to stretch for miles. It's really not that big but after coming from a big city, where everyone is so crowded, it feels wonderful to have all that open space.

All year round we have fun in the country. Summertime means swimming, tennis, sailing and just sitting around. In the fall there is riding and sometimes we go for walks through the woods collecting leaves and mosses. When winter comes we ski and skate. It is hard to believe the snow is so white and clean after the dirty slush of the city.

At the end of the weekend we pack our bags and bundle them into the car. After the long drive in from the country it is pleasant when we get to our city house not to have to bring in wood and light a fire. All we have to do is set the thermostat. When we finish supper we are able to enjoy some of the pleasures of the city. My sister and I load the dishwasher and then we watch television.

Perhaps we might go to a concert during the week. Sometimes Mother takes us to the Montreal Symphony. There are so many wonderful things to do in our city. We have been to the Art Gallery and in the lovely greenhouses near Victoria Hall. I take ballet lessons and my sister takes Music. When we go shopping we are intrigued by all the lovely things we see in the big department stores.

The fun in the country and the pleasures of the city make a lovely contrast. I consider myself very lucky to be able to enjoy the best of both.

Fourth Forms' Essay Prize

LESLIE GOULD, *Lower Fourth.*

THE PRIZE-WINNING PHOTOGRAPH



"Thirsty, Anyone?"

SUSAN ROSE, *Upper Fourth.*



ART

Once again this year, at Christmas time, the gym was decorated with examples of fine artwork by all the forms of the school. The crèche was delicately created by Joan Thornton, aided by Jennifer Dixon, and the colourful pictures ranged from abstracts to precisely drawn "pen and inks". The art classes were also asked by the Montreal General Hospital to prepare panels to decorate the halls during the Christmas season. This was willingly done by the matriculation class, Susan and Judy Fisher, Diana Stephens, Joel Pootmans and Kathy Jarvis. Three murals were sent to the hospital depicting the three kings, a group of shepherds and some children playing in the snow.

The backdrop for the bazaar, consisting of a colorful map of the Far East, was also painted by the matriculation class and many bright posters decorated the various booths around the gym. We would like to congratulate Nora Hague for winning a prize for art in the Symphony Concert competition and also the girls who won honourable mentions for their S.P.C.A. posters.

The news of Miss Seath's retirement came as a surprise to us and we are all very sorry to see her leave the school. On behalf of the students we would like to thank Miss Seath for her excellent teaching and help during her years with us which have made art outstanding at The Study.

MARY BRINDSEN, JANET LOGAN, LINDSAY SCOTT, *Sixth Form.*



DRAMATIC NOTES



In February, Lower Third entertained the school with a short French play, "Le fête de Saint-Jacques," which was skilfully directed by Mlle. Panet-Raymond. The girls spoke clearly and amusingly.

One of the best plays that the school has seen was "A Midsummer-Night's Dream," an ambitious undertaking which was carried out with great success. The production combined the efforts of the Upper Fourth and Lower Fifth dramatic groups, the senior recorder group and the Fourth forms singing class. The talented cast acted with a deftness and understanding that kept the pace moving briskly. Kathy Peters, as Hermia, was vivacious and convincing, and was ably supported by Mary Pat Stevens, Beverly Birks, and Lynn Markham as the other lovers. The tradesmen, headed by Cricky Brodhead as a captivating Bottom, and Lynn Eakin as an amusing "Thisbe", provided great entertainment. The audience also enjoyed the bouncing interpretation of Puck by Holly Nelson, and Barbara Tennant's sparkling Titania.

Many thanks are due to Miss Blanchard and Mlle Panet-Raymond for their work with the singing and recorders. Miss Harbert's clever costumes brought out the distinctions among the different groups of players. We are very grateful to her for the time and effort she has put into directing and producing this play. Because of its success, the play was repeated on April 4th for the benefit of the parents.

JANE EVERSFIELD, ELISABETH MARLIN, *Upper Fifth.*



Curtain call



Exit the Players

SCHOOL CHARITIES

Ceccano, 19.12.61.

Dear Godmothers,

I was so glad to get your letter and to hear you are all well. I am well and working in a dyeing factory. Mother is fragile in her health and no one at home is working now. Thank you for your quarterage with which I purchased a little wood and paid the house rent. A big hug from your godchild.

Teresa Picozzi.

This letter from Teresa, our sponsor child in Italy, has presented a clear view of her unfortunate life and that of the many people in similar situations; it has also shown the necessity for charitable works throughout the world.

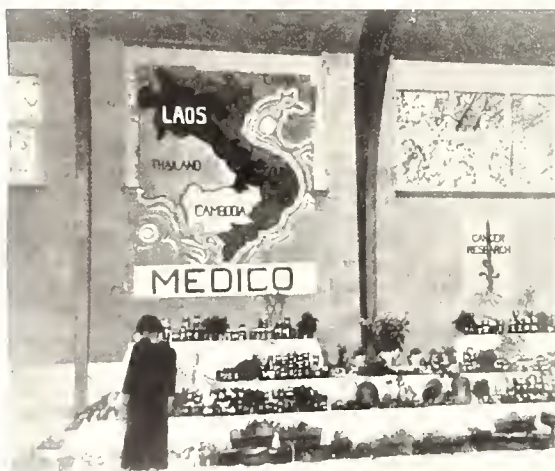
Realizing this need the members and friends of The Study spent many hours working for a successful bazaar. As a result we were able to donate \$1,100 to The Dr. Tom Dooley Foundation and \$900 to The Canadian Cancer Society. Our understanding of the help given to the under-privileged in backward Indo-China and of cancer research in Canada was furthered by the visits to the school of Dr. Wintrob, Dr. Dooley's right hand man, and Mr. Forget of the C.C.S. We know our money will be put to good use in the fight for civilization and against the cancer cell.

The Weekly Wednesday collection taken for the support of The Patricia Drummond Cot in the Montreal Children's Hospital showed a good response from the school. Last autumn, with the goodwill of the girls, we collected \$200 for The Red Feather and later on, \$150 was given to The Red Cross.

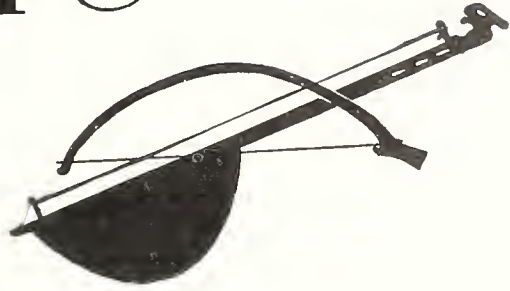
Christmas was received with merriment and good cheer by several Montreal families who accepted Christmas parcels made up by The Study. The idea of sharing our Christmas with others is always enjoyed by all, from the Lower Thirds to the Staff.

The life of a Sixth Former is enriched by the charitable responsibilities taken on in the last year and we appreciate the work of Lorna Birks and Jean Finnie as Sixth Form Treasurers.

DERRY McLERNON, LINDSAY SCOTT, *Sixth Form.*



MUSIC



This fall, we started out the musical year with the unfortunate illness of Miss Blanchard. We are sincerely grateful to Mr. Little who gallantly took over the Upper School classes, and also to Mlle. Panet-Raymond who stepped in to teach the Third and Fourth forms, and to Miss Kenney who conducted the Lower School lessons.

As soon as Miss Blanchard was back on her feet, the whole school plunged into preparation for the annual Christmas concert. The Lower School opened the program with festive music which included "Christmas is Coming" and "Entre le Boeuf et L'Ane". The Third Forms sang "I Would to Bethlem Go", "The Cherry Tree Carol", and "The Storke" by B. E. Chadwick. The German classes combined to sing "Maria durch ein Dornwald ging". A highlight of the concert was "A Festival of Folk Carols With Readings and Percussion" sung by the Fourth Forms. The Upper School enjoyed working at "For unto us a Child is Born" and "How Beautiful are the Feet of Them" from Handel's Messiah. "Adestes Fideles," sung as usual by the Middle and Upper Schools, ended the concert, which according to the responsive audience, turned out to be a great success.

The school is now working hard for the Cathedral service in June.

Nina Fialkowski, Leslie Forbes and Ann Little won 1st Class honours in the Montreal Competition Festival. Nina also deserves great credit for her performance of the "D Minor Piano Concerto" with the Montreal Symphony Orchestra at the Young Peoples' Concert in Plateau Hall.

Many thanks go to our accompanist, Miss Jones, for her patience and dependability. This spring she gave a recital in Bermuda and played us part of her program before she left. Thanks also to Miss Blanchard whose understanding and guidance have inspired the girls from Lower B to the Sixth Form to be genuine music lovers.

MARY MACFARLANE, *Sixth Form.*

SEA BEAUTY

Pearl white foam that creeps upon the golden sand,
The raucous seagulls fly above, the silent fish below them;
All make up a wondrous part of the great sea beauty.

The children running up and down on the spotless beaches,
Others swimming on the waves while some dart beneath them,
It is all so different from the bustle of the town.

Down beneath the pearl white foam and the dancing waves,
Lies a kingdom not well known,
Where do dwell the mysterious ones.

These are they that toss the foam in their laughing glee,
These are they that hide the wonders
In the beauty which is the sea.

Poetry Competition Prize

PATRICIA SHANNON, *Upper Fourth.*



Front Row, left to right: Cathy Smith, Verlan Laxton, Nora Carter, Kathy Stewart, Dogmar Gray, Edith Bottomly. Second Row: Wendy Hampson, Barbara Campbell, Janet Bentley, Katrino MacLean, Joan Moll, Janet Holden, Wendy Kyles, Jone Stikeman, Lynda Kaplan, Sally Griffin. Third Row: Sally Sharp, Joan Johnston, Jill Moll, Esme Carroll, Terry Carton, Judy Johnston, Virginia Nonnenman, Sally Nelson, Julia Keefer, Ann Markham. Fourth Row: Jaanne Robertson, Stephanie Laird, Norah Hague, Margaret Ballontyne, Ann L'Anglais, Cecil Bryant, Kathy Kerrigan, Deborah Frosst, Diana Pepall, Patty Pepall. Fifth Row: Pat Davidson, Jill Johnson, Diane Hodgson, Gail Corneil, Deirdre Henderson, Ann McRobie, Daphne Saunderson, Rosalind Pepall, Audrey Nixon, Andrea Stewart. Absent: Claudia Southam.

MU GAMMA



<i>House Mistresses</i>	-	-	-	-	Miss Foster, Miss Malachowski
<i>Head</i>	-	-	-	-	Gail Corneil
<i>Sub-Head</i>	-	-	-	-	Deirdre Henderson
<i>Games Captain</i>	-	-	-	-	Gail Corneil

Come on Mu Gamma, let's set the pace,
We're sure to win the scholastic race,
With fewer returns and fewer lates,
We'll show them all we've got what it takes.

A welcome we give to the girls who are new,
Mu Gamma was lucky to get all of you;
We are proud of Markham, Sharp, and Bentley
And all of the rest of you incidentally.

Good luck Mu Gamma, we give you our best,
With all our good wishes for future success;
And remember a helping hand to lend,
As it's always the spirit that counts in the end.

In the field of sports we're holding our own,
But it's neck and neck as results have shown;
In the forth-coming swim meet and day of track
We must give our all to still lead the pack.

To Misses Malachowski and Foster, our thanks,
You have guided us well in spite of our pranks;
Your loyal support, your wisdom and wit
Have helped keep Mu Gamma right on the bit.

GAIL CORNEIL, DEIRDRE HENDERSON



Front Row, left to right: Jennifer Colby, Deborah Dixon, Jean Simor, Modie Rider, Alix Nercessian. Second Row: Barbara Francis, Mary Ann Ferguson, Angelico Kater, Wendy Ronalds, Penny Packard, Robin Knight, Ellen Horner, Julia Case. Third Row: Barbara Tennant, Janice Hamilton, Pegi Bates, Cricky Brodhead, Jocelyn Colby, Lynn Eakin, Ricci Zinman. Fourth Row: Joel Poatmans, Jane Horner, Marjory Thom, Mary Pat Stevens, Jory Adams, Rosamund Collyer, Sherry Cushing, Diana Stephens. Back Row: Barbara White, Jennifer Dixon, Joan Thornton, Peggy Tennant, Caroll Campbell, Linda Jeffrey, Judy Rotherham, Caroline Henwood, Caroline Bensinger. Absent: Sarah Farrell, Katie MacInnes, Christine Iverson.

KAPPA RHO

Sportsmanship is born out of loss.



<i>House Mistresses</i>	- - - -	Miss Marshall, Miss Harbert
<i>Head</i>	- - - -	Sarah Farrell
<i>Sub-Head</i>	- - - -	Caroll Campbell
<i>Games Captains</i>	- - - -	Caroll Campbell, Sarah Farrell

EXPERIMENT number 1,962.

PURPOSE: To prove that Kappa Rho can win.

METHOD: Convince house that it has got something to contribute.

- 2) Explain that contributions of "returns" is NOT what we had in mind.
- 3) Exhibit sport's record in an effort to convince house that it is not infallible . . . Perhaps it might be to a greater advantage if the house were not to expose its weak side so drastically to the worthy opponents?

RESULTS:

- 1) House demonstrates that it is trying!
- 2) Mary Ann Ferguson, Jean Simor, Katie MacInnes, Pegi Bates, and Caroline Henwood realize the necessity and make generous contributions to the POSITIVE score. (Thank-you)!
- 3) Sport's list is still being exhibited! But Upper Fourth is doing ITS share.
- 4) House Mistresses, Miss Harbert and Miss Marshall, cheerfully and loyally bear with our "dignified?" score, and cope with detentions.
- 5) We are proud to be the heads of such a noble, effort-producing . . .

CONCLUSION: Kappa Rho has personality anyway.

SARAH FARRELL, CAROLL CAMPBELL



Front Row, left to right: Elizabeth Little, Kathy Gould, Suzonne Clark, Kothleen Kirkpatrick, Monico Keator, Sarah Smith. Second Row: Gail Victor, Jennifer Hill, Leslie Gould, Judy Fisher, Christy French, Solly Baxter, Andrea Thompson, Patti McLernon, Susan Fisher. Third Row: Lousia Mathias, Judy Bonnar, Penny Dolman, Cothy Peters, Cindy King, Joy Thompson, Barбора Birks, Lizette Gilday, Xenia Kirkpatrick. Fourth Row: Roberto deVries, Dione Hoyes, Elisobeth Morlin, Jone Eversfield, Susan Baxter, Angela Pike. Back Row: Mory Howken, Lorna Birks, Karen Keator, Derry McLernon, Mary Brinsden, Janet Logon, Elizabeth Gilday. Absent: Beverley Birks, Jone Birks, Betty Sozie, Anne Little, Hindo Schreiber.

DELTA BETA



<i>House Mistresses</i>	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Scott, Mlle Panet-Raymond
<i>Head</i>	-	-	-	-	Derry McLernon
<i>Sub-Head</i>	-	-	-	-	Mary Brinsden
<i>Games Captain</i>	-	-	-	-	Derry McLernon

April 25, 1962.

Dear Delta Beta,

Unfortunately, as everything good must come to an end, we will have to give up both the academic and sports cups this June. This is not because of lack of effort, however, but it seems that no matter how hard we try, we just can't manage to pull ourselves to the top. Special mention should go to Jennifer Hill, Elisabeth Marlin, and Andrea Thompson, who achieved the highest academic scores during the Christmas and Easter terms and greatly helped us in our ill-fated struggle.

We welcome our new girls, Suzanne Clark, Kathy Gould, and Elizabeth Little, in the Lower Third, and Angela Pyke and Diane Hayes in the Upper School. We appreciate their efforts during the year.

In sports we were lucky to have large turn-outs for all inter-house competitions and, although we gained most points in basketball, we were unable to hold anything higher than third place. The Fifth Forms deserve credit for getting the most points in the ladder race.

We would like to take this opportunity to thank Mrs. Scott and Mlle Panet-Raymond for their interest and guidance in house activities throughout the year.

Best of luck next year, Delta Beta, and remember — "Returns killeth but spirit keepeth alive."

DERRY McLERNON, MARY BRINSDEN



Front Row, left to right: Carol Hannaford, Anne Yuile, Susan MacKenzie, Jay Dietrich, Carolyn Kerrigan, Gail Murphy, Roxanne Shaughnessy, Elspeth MacKay. Second Row: Jill Rankin, Ann Esdaile, Amanda Shaughnessy, Clare Porteous, Ann Narsworthy, Nina Fialkowski, Carol Norsworthy, Susan Clapham, Nancy Savage. Third Row: Cathy Jarvis, Holly Nelson, Joann Egar, Kathy Common, Susan Rose, Patricia Shannan, Lynn Markham, Desi Dillingham. Fourth Row: Eleanor Fleet, Judy Parish, Betty Finnie, Martha Trower, Joan Traversy, Sheila MacLean, Judith Stewart. Back Row: Susan Burtch, Mary MacKay, Nancy McEntyre, Jean Finnie, Jane Nelson, Mary MacFarlane, Lindsay Scott, Deirdre Harrison, Leslie Forbes, Joanna MacLean. Absent: Claire Marler.

BETA LAMBDA



<i>House Mistresses</i>	- - - -	Mrs. Reiffenstein, Mrs. Luke
<i>Head</i>	- - - -	Mary MacFarlane
<i>Sub-Head</i>	- - - -	Jane Nelson
<i>Games Captain</i>	- - - -	Jane Nelson

A THEOREM

Of four houses in a scholastic race, the one with the most spirit usually succeeds.

GIVEN: 1) The Upper Fifth classroom for meetings every Friday.

2) Leadership potential.

REQ'D: To prove a group that's keen

On the top of the list will soon be seen.

PROOF: ... Each of the following is added to the existing house:

A) 1 new girl + 8 Lower Thirds

B) Quantities of excellents from Nina Fialkowski, Cathy Jarvis, Susan Rose, and Nancy Savage

C) Enthusiasm from all Beta Lambdans (ie. Academics + Athletics)

D) Encouragement from Mrs. Reiffenstein + Mrs. Luke (House Mistresses)

...A) We won the Swimming Meet last May (Proved in 1961)

B) We came first in the House Race at Christmas and second at Easter.

CONCLUSION:

We will put up a very good fight for both the House Cup and the Sports Cup in June. (axiom).

MARY MACFARLANE, JANE NELSON.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOON

Periodically in my life, I find myself sitting on the edge of the moon — the other side of the moon — staring into the blackness of space, with the dampness of green cheese beneath me.

Men believe they have seen the other side of the moon: they think the moon rotates on its axis, so that one has seen all there is to see after twenty eight days. But they cannot know, for it has never been proven by numbers and equations or otherwise, exactly what happens on the side they cannot see from earth. Nobody has been there, nobody has seen it all at once with a telescope. Consequently, its darkened half is a place where one can be absolutely alone. One can think, say, even scream, whatever one likes, without being reprimanded by human prejudices, customs or ideas. It is not that I have anything against most prejudices, (they are inevitable), but it is the sweetest pleasure to escape them once in a while.

Once, while off my asteroid, tasting a bit of “earth”, and deciding its good and bad qualities in the most gourmet fashion, I was jerked back to the earth by a most unwelcomed demand. “Caroline, could you explain an “emulsion” to the class?” Of course, I had to stutter, make my apologies, and bow out — giving the chance of showing off knowledge to my neighbour.

This is a drawback of this place of free thoughts: one must learn to succumb to its delicate temptations at the right times, — not during a chemistry class! One must be realistic, more often than figurative.

Some people think the moon is very small relative to their earth, and its most obscure side hardly worth visiting. These are the people that make the world the limited place it is — with themselves the most limited. I have no comment for such people, only my sympathy. For they cannot know the pleasures of thinking and dreaming the weird and wonderful thoughts of the mind’s imagination. They cannot know what it is to be free within one’s self, to know one’s self. All they understand are the “approved” thoughts as a “normal” human being. Life to them is usually a complete game of follow the leader, and they play it merely out of habit, or, for the sake of being accepted. They have not discovered that the moon’s unseen side is an escape.

The earth will remain in the same poor state it has always been in: there will always be selfishness, poverty, and wars. This is because, as long as there are men, there will be conflicts. The male sex finds the idea of bravery, honour, and glory tremendously appealing; they always have and I believe they always will. This is especially true of young men, (Once they have seen war, it loses all its shine). These bloody “contests” are usually the causes of great poverty, for they ruin countryside, crops, cities and harbours, and more important, they kill bread winners and parents, leaving utter misery behind.

To me, this eternal havoc is rather a depressing thought, and coupled with the confusions and tensions of modern day living, it is “sweet pain” to be alone in a land of green cheese — to which no one has dared give a name, or analyze — and complete life’s disappointments and sadnesses as well as its brighter side.

Of course, there is no sense in being ridiculous about it; most of the time, one has one’s duty to fellow man, and physical appearances on earth, — but, sometimes, one has one’s duty to one’s soul, on the other side of the moon . . .

*Alexander Hutchison Essay Competition
Senior Prize.*

CAROLINE HENWOOD, *Middle Fifth.*

THE LAND OF NUMBERS

It was terribly hot and the lawn was swimming in front of my eyes. I lay on my back, and suddenly I saw a huge gate with all sorts of numbers on it. I walked through it and saw a group of people whose bodies looked like numbers. There was a Ten, and several Twos and lots of Threes. A big number Twelve pushed his way through the crowd and, catching sight of me, strode up and enquired why I was here.

"I found myself standing outside your gates", I said, hoping this would clear matters up.

"You must come and see our old mayor, Mr. One Hundred! He will tell you what to do", said the big Twelve.

We walked down the road with the crowd tagging at our heels. As we passed by the neat rows of trees, I looked at the scenery. There were small houses along the street with front gardens growing flowers that looked like huge decimal points. Children played with circles and rectangles, and the dogs, (in the form of Fours,) barked wildly.

We came to a large manor, and my friend knocked at the door. A prim maid, whose size was a shapely eight, opened the door. Soon a very old number appeared. He was indeed a One Hundred and wore a smoking cap. He smiled at me and said, "This young lady is lost; I think she should go home by my Fraction Machine." He led me to a contraption that looked like $\frac{1}{3}$. I sat in the seat beside it.

WHOOSH!

I turned over and found my dog licking my face frantically! The sun was setting, and the lights of evening were beginning to glow.

I thought about Mr. Twelve and Mr. One Hundred and trim Miss Eight. I hoped to see them again. Then I went inside the house and sat down to ponder the matter further.

Third Forms' Essay Prize

SARAH LARRATT-SMITH, *Upper Third*

IM WINTER

Im Winter gibt es Schnee
Und ferner gibt es Eis;
So alles was man seh'
Ist schön und kalt und weiss.

Manchmal gibt es ein Sturm,
Alsdann die Bäume sind
Mit Schneeflocken gedeckt,
Und wehen tut der Wind.

Von Pferden angeschirrt
Mit blanken Glöcklein,
Werden schlitten gezog'n
Über Schnee kraus und fein.

Bald Winter ist vorbei
Dann wird der Schneec verschwind'n;
Und Blumen komm'n heraus,
Um die Sonne zu finden.

Language Competition Prize

JANE EVERSFIELD, JENNIFER DIXON.
Upper Fifth.

TOMORROW

We don't know about tomorrow,
Whether we will buy or borrow,
Whether we will have great fun
And play on beaches in the sun.

Whether it will rain or shine,
Or will we have to pay a fine
For chasing dogs or catching cats,
Or hiding people's front door mats?

What will happen? We can't tell!
Will we picnic in the dell?
Or will there come to town a fair
With jolly clown or dancing bear?

Whatever happens, I won't mind;
I will act just specially kind,
Even if our house burns down,
Or Mother spoils her brand new gown!
VERIAN LAXTON, *Lower Third*.

CANADA

Canada is a country,
Where people roam the land,
From Halifax's rocky beach,
To Victoria's shimmering sand.

Canada has mountains,
Topped with a snowy peak,
Canada has prairies,
Of rolling golden wheat.

Forests, lakes, and rivers deep,
Gold and copper too,
Sunsets silver, mauve and pink,
And skies, so very blue.

These are just a few of the riches,
And there are many more,
Of a lovely land called Canada,
United from shore to shore.
CHRISTINE IVERSEN, *Lower Fourth*

AUTUMN

Once upon a time when the world was young, there lived three important spirits and one little one. As you may have guessed, they were Spring, Summer and Winter. The little one was Autumn.

One day the chief of all the gods called them together. "Hear ye, hear ye!" he cried, "I have decided to grant to each of you great power and glory. Winter, you shall have as your power — snow, ice and winds." He smiled at gentle summer. "You, sweet Summer, shall have gentle breezes, sweet smelling flowers, sunny days, singing birds and green foliage. You, Spring, shall have soft rain, gentle breezes and birds beginning to sing." With that he walked away.

Little Autumn stood there wishing that he had a gift. "Oh well!" he thought, "I can serve some of the gods while the others are off on business. Anyway, now they won't be able to tease me."

Suddenly he heard a loud voice say, "No Spring, you are too gentle to be the greatest of us!"

"No Winter," he heard Spring reply, "you are too rude to be great!" Summer joined in and a great argument commenced.

Suddenly the great god stalked in: "What is the argument about?"

"Your majesty, which is the greatest of us three?" Winter asked timidly.

"There is my answer!" he replied, pointing to Autumn. "He shall have golden leaves, crimson, orange and brown ones — that makes him the most beautiful. Therefore, because he was not stupid like you to argue and because of his beauty, he is the greatest!"

That is how Autumn got his coloured leaves.

PEGI BATES, *Upper Fourth*.



"AND I'M VERY SORRY I GOT A RUG"

Originality Competition Prize

GEORGE GOES TO THE MOON

Once there was a chubby grey mouse. His name was George. He lived in a mouse-hole in the kitchen of J. Smith.

One day when George was sitting in his armchair reading the paper, a drop of water fell on him.

"Oh that leak," he said. "That gets me so mad. I think I ought to get away. Hey! I remember a saying: 'The moon is made of green cheese'. Well I'll go there."

That night, George started to build a rocketship. After that, he got into a space-suit. Then he blasted off. When he reached the moon, he found something strange, for all the people dead on earth are alive on the moon. All the mouse pals (alive and dead) got together and had CHEESE sandwiches, CHEESEburgers, and apple pie with CHEESE of course.

MADIE RIDER, *Lower Third*.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOON

Tommy is my neighbour. I read to him about Peter Rabbit, and we laugh together about Mr. McGregor, and this makes us friends. I rumple his hair and kiss him good-night and let him pretend he hates it. But of course we both know that he doesn't.

As a matter of fact, Tommy and I both know a lot of things. We know, for instance, that Little People live in the big elm tree at the back of his house. They have long winding staircases all through the house, and they often play tag there. Tommy wants to take me inside the tree someday, but I don't think he ever will. For we both realize, a little sadly, that big people never fit into elm-tree-houses.

Tommy and I share a lot of secrets. We know that on some nights, God lays down a long silver carpet over the water for all the night-fairies to walk down to earth and give people dreams. We know that snow is made of diamonds, that rubber boots are fun to wear, and that grass, if you don't cut it, will grow as high as a mountain. Tommy and I also know that every mud puddle is a magic mirror, and when you jump into it, you shatter the magic into a thousand pieces. Tommy says that this is why grown-up ladies never step into mud puddles, so they won't break the magic spell.

Tommy doesn't know that there are people starving in India, people fighting in Algiers, people worried in the United States. Tommy knows more important things. He knows that the Taj Mahal is in India, and that Cuba is a beautiful sunny island where rum is made. He says everybody should stop to look in mud puddles, count snowflakes, and talk to bees. I think perhaps he's right, don't you?

Yesterday, Tommy came to me with that modest proud look of little boys when they have something to exhibit. Gesturing deprecatingly, he showed me a picture. It was a crudely drawn circle, coloured yellow, and in the center stood an angel. "It's Mommy on the Other Side of the Moon," he said. For Tommy's mother is dead.

Tomorrow, Tommy is going to see an old friend, Mike, who has been away. He will be able to tell Tommy all about airplanes and skyscrapers, and trains, and funny people. That is if he wants to. For Mike is very sad. He no longer thinks the wind is singing, but hears only the moan. He has forgotten about the night time fairies, for he doesn't have nice dreams. He never has time to talk to dogs . . . So, you see, Mike must be very sad.

But Tommy will tell him about the wind and the fairies, and the Other Side of the Moon. Especially this: for now Tommy has the picture. He will show it to Mike and explain all about his Mommy's visit to the Other Side of the Moon.

I think, after a time, that this will make Mike happier. I only hope he listens, for sorrow can be so selfish.

You see, Mike is Tommy's father.

STEPHANIE LAIRD, *Middle Fifth.*



BASKETBALL:

This year The Study's gymnasium was the centre of much activity as many enthusiastic athletes turned out regularly for practices. The younger forms contributed in no small measure — an indication of the sport's growing popularity at The Study.

The boundless energy on the basketball floor was soon moulded into three teams. Even though there were days when each player appeared to be suffering from short-sightedness, the teams completed their schedule of league games without a defeat. Once again the two interschool basketball cups are back with The Study. However, in our only exhibition game, against Westmount High, both the first and second teams suffered losses.

First Team:

Shots: Carroll Campbell, Gail Corneil, Roberta deVries, Ann McRobie, Jane Nelson.

Guards: Mary MacFarlane, Derry McLernon (Captain), Joanne Robertson, Lindsay Scott.

Second Team:

Shots: Stephanie Laird, Judy Parish, Daphne Saunderson, Andrea Stewart, Sherry Cushing (Sub.), Audrey Nixon (Sub.).

Guards: Mary Brinsden, Jill Johnson, Elisabeth Marlin (Captain), Nancy McEntyre, Diana Stephens.

Third Team:

Shots: Barbara Birks, Sherry Cushing (Captain), Desi Dillingham, Jane Fox, Kathy Kerrigan.

Guards: Cecil Bryant, Caroline Henwood, Linda Jeffrey, Judy Rotheram, Joan Traversy.

The results of the games are as follows:

The Study at Miss Edgars	<i>First Team</i>	26 - 10
	<i>Second Team</i>	24 - 9
The Study at Weston	<i>Second Team</i>	16 - 11
	<i>Third Team</i>	13 - 0
The Study at Trafalgar	<i>First Team</i>	37 - 20
	<i>Second Team</i>	16 - 11
Weston at The Study	<i>Second Team</i>	7 - 20
	<i>Third Team</i>	2 - 28
Miss Edgars at The Study	<i>First Team</i>	20 - 35
	<i>Second Team</i>	5 - 27
Trafalgar at The Study	<i>First Team</i>	15 - 22
	<i>Second Team</i>	3 - 21

Exhibition Game:

Westmount High at The Study	<i>First Team</i>	19 - 7
	<i>Second Team</i>	14 - 7



First Basketball Team—Front Row: Gail Carneil, Derry McLernan (Captain), Jane Nelson. Second Row: Ann: McRobie, Joanne Robertson, Mary MacFarlane, Lindsay Scott, Carall Campbell, Raberta deVries.



Second Basketball Team—Frant Row, left to right: Andrea Stewart, Nancy McEntyre, Elisabeth Marlin (Captain), Jill Johnson, Judy Parish. Second Row: Audrey Nixon, Daphne Saunderson, Diana Stephens, Stephanie Laird, Mary Brinsden, Sherry Cushing.

SKIING

The snow conditions were ideal, the day was beautiful, and the Maple Hill at Mont Gabriel was dotted with school girls, from various institutions throughout Quebec and Ontario, eager to race. The Study entered three teams this year and although ability was shown by all, the individual results proved The Study's junior team to be the strongest. Lynn Eakin and Susan Rose skied exceptionally well and placed first and second respectively in the combined standings. The rest of the junior team skied well against heavy competition and helped to give the team a second place standing out of ten schools.

The senior "A" team also placed second with Bubby Birks and Ann McRobie earning fourth and fifth positions respectively in the combined. The senior "B" team gained much experience from the giant slalom and slalom events.

Later the crowd of racers from Mt. Gabriel found its way to St. Sauveur and the Penguin Lodge where refreshments were served and the prize-giving took place. There we gave up the junior team shield to Westmount High and the senior team shield went to Lisgar High of Ottawa.

Many thanks to Miss Moore whose delicious sandwiches served during the day provided the necessary fuel for the teams. Thanks also to Chris Gribbon and his weekly coachings at the University of Montreal Hill which proved so valuable.



Junior Ski Team—left to right: Hinda Schreiber, Cathy Peters, Lynn Eakin (Captain), Susan Rose (Captain), Holly Nelson, Christine Iverson.



Senior 'A' Ski Team—left to right: Jane Nelson, Mary MacKay, Derry McLernon, Ann McRabie, (Captain) Mary MacFarlane, Barbara Birks.



Senior 'B' Ski Team—left to right: Gail Carneil, Lizette Gilday, Elizabeth Gilday (Captain), Diana Stephens, Jill Johnson.

TENNIS

After a year of absence, the tennis cup is once again in our hands. The senior and junior teams successfully defeated those of Miss Edgars, Trafalgar and Weston to become the winners of the annual tournament. Thus sports had a good beginning with the tennis victory.

LEADERS' CORPS:

In between the basketball practices and ballet lessons, the gymnasium was turned over to the girls in Leaders' Corps under Miss Moore's direction. The room became filled with bodies bouncing through the air, off the spring board, rolling over mats and climbing up ropes. The various exercises became more familiar until each one was performed with polished coordination.

The Leaders' Corps put on its first demonstration in March and judging by the interest shown, many more exhibitions will follow.

SWIMMING MEET 1961

The annual swimming meet was held at the YWCA pool last year during the summer term. Although final examinations were right around the corner, the books were cast aside for the afternoon and there was a great turnout.

Much spirit was shown by all in the swimming events, as the results were very close. However, Beta Lambda ended up with the most points, only slightly ahead of Delta Beta and Kappa Rho.

SPORTS' DAY 1961

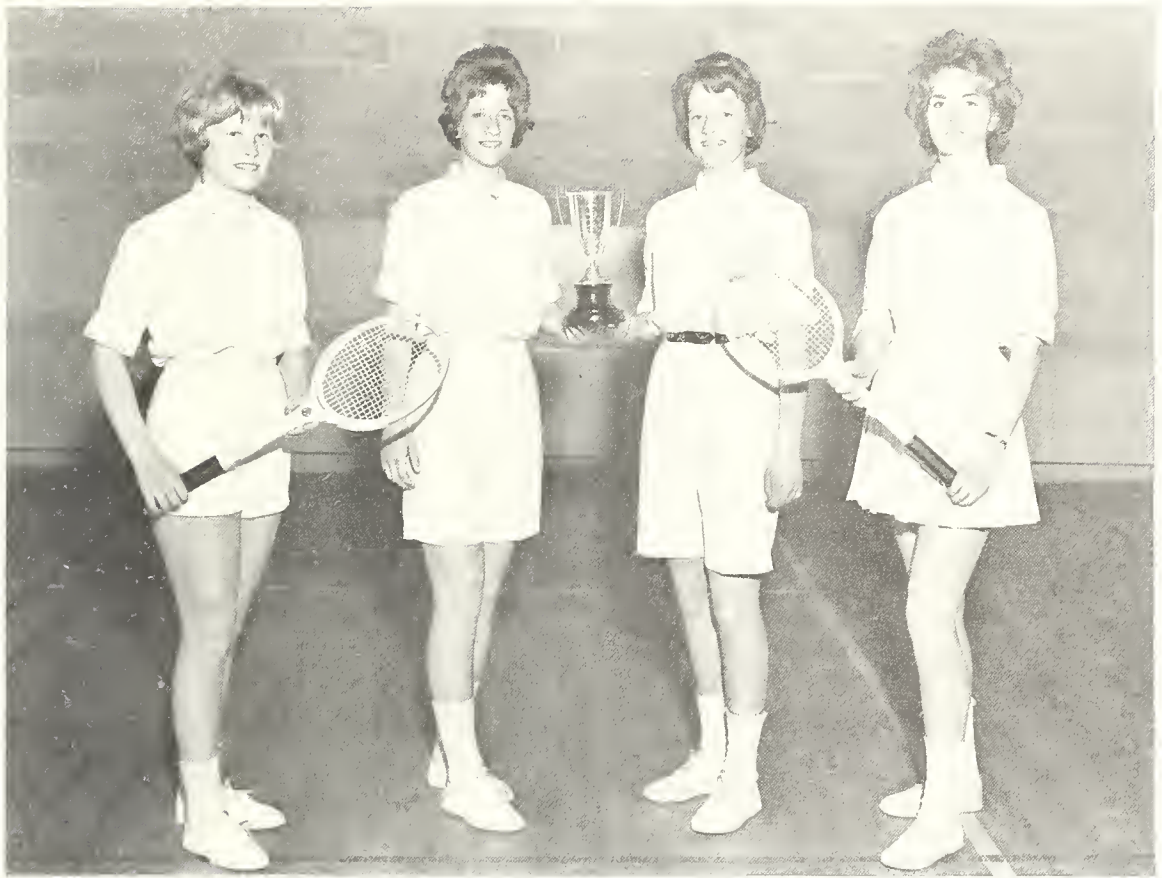
We were fortunate in having a warm and sunny day for the Sports' Day which was held in Murray Park. Again house spirit came to the fore as each house was striving to earn points towards the Sports' Cup. The events included ball-throwing, and jumping, obstacle, skipping, and other races. When all the points were totaled, Mu Gamma proved to be the winner.

JANE NELSON, *Games' Captain.*

LAMENT FOR THE UNSUCCESSFUL BASKETBALL GAME AGAINST WESTMOUNT HIGH

Me iuva, o musa, ut fabulam miseram narrem
De die vincendi, proelio fatalique feroci.
Signa tintinnabula dederant; copiae hostium
Instructae erant. Sex electae bellatrices emicant,
Cinctae de more in habitu fusco magnifico.
Studium horrescit; milites parva in arenam
Veniunt. Celeriter deletae sunt, clamorem hostes dant.
Studium lacrimat, sed tamem cenam edit!

ELISABETH MARLIN AND ROBERTA DeVRIES, *Upper V.*



Tennis Team—left to right: Gail Corneil, Derry McLernon, Ann McRobie (Captain), Diana Stephens.



GYM DEMONSTRATION
Sixth Form Exercises

VALEDICTORY

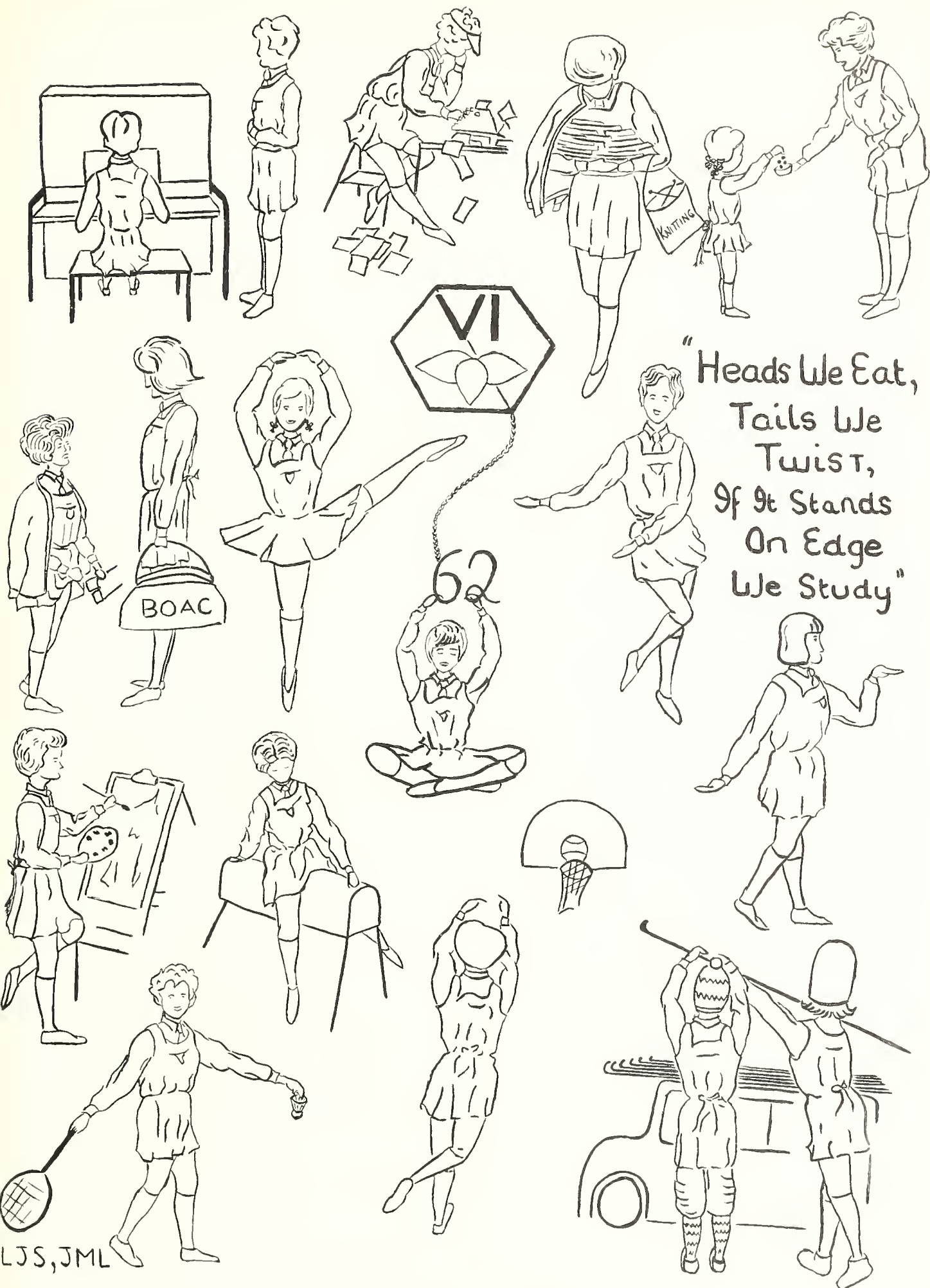
In this poem: discussion of knowledge
Presented to us, preparing for college.
In English the works of poets we read,
'To know all their poems we find there is need.
'To novels, essays, short-stories we turn —
'They are by far more easy to learn!
And Mrs. R. in class mathematics . . .
(Perhaps we'd better revise all our tactics.)
In Latin to learn of the language and lives
Of the typical Romans everyone strives.
In Physics class there are only three
Defying laws of Physics and Chemistry.
In History, how to revolt we are told,
Like English, and German, and Frenchmen of old.
(Fear not, Miss Lamont, in our minds this will stick
But only for use when writing matric!)
Speaking of German, that's Lindsay's line,
(The extent of our German is only — nein!)
With French, however, we are put to the test,
But in Mme. Little we do find some rest —
That trip to Sutton and all of its fun . . .
We did learn some French — in the long run!
Discuss the Canadian History class?
We all know Karen and Derry will pass.
Our futures? — Hospitals, colleges in various places!
Europe, the U.S.A., will be meeting our faces.
But we'll always recall 'The Study with pleasure
And this year, of course, we'll 'specially treasure!

MARY HAWKEN, *Sixth Form.*

THE COVE

On a fine, still morning at the break of dawn, I make my way to a quiet, sheltered cove across the lake. The water there is shallow, and over the rusty brown mud I float in my canoe, leaving a tiny ripple of waves in my wake. The stillness is disturbed only occasionally by the drowsy chirp of an awakening bird or the hollow splash of a frog as it suddenly leaps into the water. The sun is not yet hot, but sheds a soft clear light, promising a lovely day ahead. As I gaze through the still water, a wonderful new world unfolds before my eyes. Tiny black tadpoles drift lazily to and fro, and brown salamanders dart from beneath the sticks and leaves. I drop my hand into the cool water and watch, entranced, the trail of bubbles it makes. After drifting into deeper water, I notice shadows that are seen for only a minute — and then gone. I look up and see a pair of swallows flitting over the smooth surface of the water. While I am reflecting awhile upon the quiet life of the cove, the smell of bacon from across the lake fills the air, interrupting my thoughts. The breakfast gong sounds, seeming so very far away, and slowly, as if in a dream, I lift my paddle. My strokes become regular, and soon I have passed out of the cove and am on my way homeward.

SUSAN ROSE, *Upper Fourth.*



First Row: Jean, Peggy, Mary H, Karen, Lorna. Second Row: Jane, Sally, Mary M, Lindsay, Derry. Third Row: Mary B, Carol, Joanie. Fourth Row: Dede, Gail, Janet, Elizabeth.

THE TALKING MONKEY

Judiper, a monkey, was snoozing happily in his usual lounge chair in the sun, thinking of what he would eat for lunch. "I have everything a monkey could possibly want except the gift of speech!" Suddenly he thought of swallowing a miniature telegraphy.

"Then, whenever I want to ask Mr. Jolliton for more comforts, I will simply press the button of the radio and tell him what I want. My Luck! Here he comes now. I know, I will swallow that little telegraphy that Mr. Jolliton listens to before going to bed."

"Judiper, what would you like for lunch?" Mr. Jolliton asked.

"Here is my chance, presto! There, it worked! Now all I can do is hope for the best."

"Weston bread! Only ten cents. A real bargain! Get your Weston Bread today!"

"Judiper!" cried Mr. Jolliton, "You-you-you're talking! Don't tell me you took one of those new pills I bought. Those were for the fish! I know, I'll see if I can shake them out."

All of a sudden Mr. Jolliton picked up poor Judiper by the legs and shook him with all his might. Out came the telegraphy and landed with a bang on the floor. "Weston Bread!" the radio blared.

"So that is what you swallowed, you funny monkey."

"Oh well, it was fun to try to talk, even if I can't!" murmured Judiper, in his plain old monkey language.

ESME CARROLL, *Lower Fourth.*

CAPE COD

Oh, I remember old Cape Cod,
A lovelier spot ne'er made by God,
A place where joy and love did bide,
And sin and sorrow tried to hide!

The ocean waves, not great as guns,
Were small and dainty lapping ones.
The Beach's sand, as soft as a bed,
Was where the sun would rest her head.

As I do sit and hear the noise
Of city tumult and boisterous joys,
I often dream of old Cape Cod.
For spots like this I thank my God!

VIRGINIA NONNENMAN, *Upper Fourth.*

HOUSE LIMERICKS

There was a young girl from Mu
Gamma,
Who could actually add and do
gramma;
The others could swim,
Run, ski, and do gym,
But the glamour of gramma made them
stamma!

There was a young girl from Delta
Beta,
Whose sad mournful face would melt a
cheetah.
For she knew, oh alas,
Things were at such a pass,
That her house was the beaten, not
Beta!

There was a young girl from Beta
Lambda,
Who worked hard all year, never
crammed-a.
She always was sweet,
And in everything neat,
And the rest of the school damned
and dambda!

There was once a girl, a Kappa Rhoan,
Who'd watch while the rest put a
show on,
She did not take part,
But she had lots of heart,
House successes or losses made her
clap or moan!

ELISABETH MARLIN, *Upper V.*

Lower School



First Row: Elizabeth Reade, Sally Clapham, Mally Daheny, Wendy Cryer, Linda Pacun, Jill Stikeman, Jane Yuile, Debbie Kraus, Mary Thornton, Jennifer LeBrooy. Second Row: Linda Sutherland, Meredith Kerrigan, Jane Bourke, Anne Mactavish, Sandy McDougall, Paddy Mackenzie, Mary Boswell, Evelyn Durnford, Christine Sazie, Deirdre Demers, Deborah Norman, Edwina Adair. Third Row: Janet Saunderson, Margaret Little, Jill Campbell, Daphne Mackenzie, Jill McMaster, Cynthia Stauble, Alison Galt, Deborah Savage, Monica Heller, Elizabeth McMaster, Sally Svenningson, Margaret Jarett, Peggy Hampson. Fourth Row: Suzanne Oates, Penny Rankin, Frances Fyles, Virginia Dixon, Martha Turner, Debbie Matheson, Margot Svenningsan, Andrea Wexler, Cathy Jarett, Anne Nercessian, Lucy Kerrigan, Diana Mackenzie, Tara Shaughnessy, Susan Nelson. Fifth Row: Addie Malkus, Andrea Knight, Gail Hannaford, Gail Flintaft, Gail Johnston, Julia Harris, Nancy Raberton, Penny Smith, Penny Park, Danielle Kraus, Diona LaFleur, Shelagh McLean, Sally Kemp, Lynn Birks. Absent: Susan Cape, Andrea Capping, Jane Meagher, Virginia Morse, Gail Murphy, Clare Schreiber, Amanda Fisher, Margot Louis, Catherine McKinnon, Christie McLeod, Rabin Curry, Lucy Fontein, Christine McKinnon.

THE ELF

I know a little elf
Who is cute as can be.
Whenever I see him he calls to me.
His name is Wee
Because he is the size of a pea.

DIANA MACKENZIE, *Age 8, Lower A.*



GEORGE

Once there was a horse which loved playing in the mud. His name was George. George was a white pony. He and his mother lived on a farm in Montreadlingville. His mother had always made him be careful playing in the mud, but this time Mother forgot and George came in dripping from nose to tail in the muddiest mud you have ever seen! This happened too many times. So his mother got fed up and did not wash him that night. George pleaded but still his mother did not say yes. So the next morning he got up and read the paper, and on the second page he read: Free Car Wash Lasting Only Today at Water Falls Street. George ate his breakfast and went galloping downtown to Water Falls Street. There he got in line with the cars! When it came to George's turn, the workers were puzzled but finally they washed him. When he came home his mother was very worried. Then George told his story. His mother was very happy and promised always to clean him when he needed it until George could learn to do it by himself.

PENNY PARK, *Upper A*, 8 years old.

EXPLORING

One day my father said to me, "Some day you may go exploring in the forest". So I went the next day and I shot some baboons, giraffes, and zebras. Then I went to a cave and I slept there overnight and I heard a noise, so I ran in and I got into bed and had a bad dream. I woke up in the morning and went out hunting and shot some more animals and I ate them for dinner.

LUCY KERRIGAN, *Lower A*.

JACK FROST

When Jack Frost comes around
Dropping snow upon the ground,
He turns our cheeks so very red,
And makes us jump straight out of bed.

He freezes all our toes,
And then nips at our nose;
We dress in clothes so very gay,
We want to go in the snow and play.

When at last the flowers appear,
We know that Spring is really here.
The songs of birds we hear all day,
At last Jack Frost has gone away.

ADDIE MALKUS, *Upper A*, Age 9.

BLIZZARDS

Down comes the snow in great big heaps,
Whirling and twirling to the ground,
Landing on trees, landing on streets,
Landing on house tops, landing in towns.
Whirling through streets, whirling through roads,
Falling on people, falling on cars,
Falling on trucks with great big loads,
It seems as though snow is falling from Mars.

JANE MEAGHER, *Upper A.*

MON FÊTE

Mon fête est dans Julliet 22. Aujourd'hui est mon fête. J'ai reçu huit cadeaux: une poupée, un chien, une balle, une robe, une phonograph, une boîte de chocolate, le sau, et la blouse. A mon soirée mes amies chante:

Bone fête pour vous,
Bone fête pour vous,
Bone fête alice,
Bone fête pour vous,

Toulemend ils ont le bon jour. Après mon soirée pendant que se coucher dans mon lit j'pense de mon magnific jour. J'ai un occupé jour.

PENNY SMITH, *Upper A, Age 9.*
(for Language Contest)

THE SNOW FLAKE

I am a little Snow Flake. One day there was a snow storm and I came tumbling down. The next day some children came and made a snowball out of me and made two other Snow Flakes into snowballs. Then they made us into a snowman, and one day there was a lot of sun and I melted away.

CYNTHIA STAUBLE, *Upper B, Age 6.*

MY FAVOURITE MONTHS

My Favourite Months are June, July and August. There is a day that I like best in June, that is my birthday, and that is why I like June. In July I like swimming and eating out of doors.

MONICA HELLER, *Upper B, Age 6.*



Lower School Valentine's party



EXECUTIVE 1961 - 1962

President Mrs. H. Larratt Smith
Vice-President..... Mrs. William T. Stewart
Secretary..... Mrs. John Cape
Treasurer..... Mrs. Phillip Aspinall
Ass't Treasurer..... Mrs. Angus Gilday

COMMITTEE

Mrs. C. H. Gordon Mrs. Stuart Cobbett
 Mrs. F. E. Griffin Mrs. John Bates
 Miss Brenda Bridgman

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Last Spring at a special Meeting of interested Study supporters, the Chairman of the Board of Governors asked me if it would be possible for the S.O.G.A. to contribute \$500 a year to the Building Fund until such time as the School is cleared of its annual debt to the Bank of Montreal. I promised that the Association would do its utmost to fulfill this obligation which would have to be achieved by projects rather than by individual subscription, and that we would gear our activities with this in mind. When I discussed it later with our own Committee we all agreed that in accepting this commitment we must also bear in mind the fact that the S.O.G.A. is not primarily a money-raising organization. We must not, in our enthusiasm for helping the Building Fund, lose sight of our most important functions: to stand behind the Study to help and encourage it by our continuing personal interest; to foster good public relations with parents and outside friends, and to supply the small special needs that crop up from time to time in the various departments of the School. Acting on these principles we feel that the past year has been a successful and rewarding one.

At the Annual Meeting and Dinner last June the attendance of Old Girls was one of the largest on record; and Barbara Whitley highlighted the evening with two of her delightful monologues. As a special feature and "kick-off" to our fund-raising, the Committee donated a hand-made lamp, a hand-knitted ski sweater and a Surprise Box which, combined together in one raffle, painlessly netted us \$80.

This Fall we again chose to present a series of lectures as our main project for the year, this time with the added attraction of a tea-party to follow. This was decided partly by popular demand, and partly because we felt that this is a particularly good way of encouraging interest in the School, of bringing parents and friends to the building as well as Old Girls, and of providing a worth-while program. We were most fortunate in our choice of speakers, and are very grateful to them for making their time and talent available to us.

Miss Seath arranged a "Slide Show of Art Masterpieces" from early Egypt up to the present time, and discussed or commented on each picture; she was assisted in this by Dorothy Benson who took over the mechanical side of things and ran the projector.

Mr. George Little, Director of the Bach Choir and of the Otter Lake Music Camp, gave a really fascinating talk and demonstration on "Family Music-Making", and

in this his whole family took part, singing and playing a variety of instruments. Mrs. Little is of course a Study Staff-member, and the three daughters are all Study pupils, so this was indeed a "family-affair" and made for a very happy afternoon.

Miss Lamont closed the Series with one of her wonderful history lectures, this time about "Old Montreal" and it proved to be extremely popular and drew a large and enthusiastic audience. Since then there have been many requests that this talk should be printed, and the S.O.G.A. is planning to take the matter in hand.

These Lectures brought, (again painlessly!) a net profit of \$414.

One of our members has given us an exciting present. Charlotte Detchon won a doll with a fabulous hand-made trousseau in a raffle last summer and has passed it on to us to re-raffle for the School. The doll will be displayed at the Study for the girls to see before it is put in the window of the Turnabout Shop, and the final drawing will take place at the Dinner in June.

During the year, in addition to the annual Public Speaking Prize, The S.O.G.A. gave \$50 to the Library; supplied the School with ten dozen cups and saucers; and presented the Science Department with the one extra microscope they so badly needed. A special selection of books in memory of Joyce McGreevy is being chosen for the Library and will be on view at the Annual Meeting.

Before retiring from office in June I would like to take this opportunity of congratulating Miss Lamont, her Staff, and the girls themselves on their magnificent adjustment from "rags to riches". Now that enough time has gone by since the move from the old building, we who have been close to the School have seen and realized how the spirit and traditions of the Old Study have been carried over, and how unspoilt and unchanged the girls are by their new and beautiful surroundings. This was to be expected, but we are none the less proud that it should be so.

HARRIETT LARRATT SMITH

TURNABOUT SHOP

BOARD OF DIRECTORS 1961-62

President: Mrs. G. L. White

Vice President and Volunteers Chairman: Mrs. Pierce Gould

Secretary: Mrs. A. M. Cloutier

Treasurer: Miss Miriam Tees

Pricing Chairman: Mrs. D. T. Bourke (resigned)

Corresponding Secretary: Mrs. G. R. Arthur

Treasurers: Mrs. Peter Barott (resigned), Mrs. James H. Burtch, Mrs. Wayne K. Davidson

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Assistant Display Chairman: Mrs. D. B. S. Mackenzie

Interim Treasurer, then Consultant: Miss Kathryn Mason

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Storage Chairmen: Mrs. J. B. Porteous, Mrs. W. K. G. Savage

Assistant Pricing Chairman: Mrs. T. B. Shaughnessy

Assistant Volunteers Chairman: Mrs. G. T. Trower

The Turnabout Shop is completing another successful year at 386 Victoria Ave., Westmount. For this we feel thanks are due first of all to our always cheerful and keen manageress, Miss Hilda Tapner, and afterwards to a hard working board, and many faithful volunteers. We must not forget either Mrs. Lee, who has worked for us on Saturdays for several years, nor the husbands of directors, and other kind friends, who have helped us by work or donations.

Last year, for the first time, the Shop remained open throughout most of the summer, closing only for the last week of July and the first week of August. Miss Tapner ran the shop without volunteers during the summer months. She was assisted by Sonia Stairs, as a paid worker. The experiment proved to be a success, as far as the Shop was concerned, as we made our overhead expenses, and a little more. This year, however, we have decided to close for the month of July, so that Miss Tapner can have a longer holiday, and reopen on August first.

Last summer our new Treasurer, Mrs. Peter Barott, had to resign. Miss Mason very nobly carried on until November, when she had to go into hospital for treatment for her back, and Miss Miriam Tees, also very nobly, took over the arduous job of being Treasurer. Mrs. Farrell resigned from the Board of Directors in November, and Mrs. Bourke, on account of ill health, a month or so later. New Directors are Mrs. W. K. Davidson, Mrs. J. H. Burtch, and Mrs. W. K. G. Savage. Mrs. T. B. Shaughnessy took over Mrs. Bourke's job as chairman of the Pricing Committee.

A very attractive display for the Turnabout Shop was arranged by Mrs. J. M. Esdaile and Mrs. L. H. Packard at the School bazaar on October 25, 1961. (I hope that we may be allowed to do something similar another year).

A great many parents of girls at The Study were rung up by the Volunteer Chairman early this year and asked to help at the Shop. Many very kindly accepted our invitation, and are now making themselves very useful and welcome at the Shop as salesladies or pricers. If there are any whom we have not got in touch with, who would like to help, please let Mrs. Gould know — HU. 4-5442.

Mrs. Packard also arranged for a very good interview with Miss Tapner (written by Mrs. Packard) to be published in the Westmount Examiner.

We feel that some of our publicity in recent years has been more widely successful than we could have suspected, as we received in the mail from Hamburg, Germany, this winter, an offer to export old clothes to us — an offer which, needless to say, we did not take up.

For the benefit of old and new suppliers to the Shop, there have been the following changes: the Shop is closed every Monday; supplies are taken in only up until four o'clock from Tuesday till Friday, and only up to one o'clock Saturday afternoon, though the Shop hours are still 10-4:30 from Tuesday through Saturday; we are requesting that duplicate lists should be brought with all supplies to be sold, stating sizes. Donations, preferably always clean and seasonal, will be gladly accepted at all times. Garments accepted for sale will now be held for a maximum of four months, though really good things may be kept on longer. Holding things for six months meant too much overlapping of seasons, and our storage space is very limited.

This year, as I said at the beginning of this letter, has been a very successful one. In every month except one, so far, our profits have been higher than in the corresponding month of the previous year. We should be able to keep up the standard of our annual donation to the Special Pension Fund, though as yet the Treasurer has been unable to report on this. Illness, however, I am sorry to say, has been the lot of many of our Directors this year. I should like to thank all those who have been forced to resign, and all those who are carrying on under difficulties, for their keenness and help, as well as all the able-bodied who have so cheerfully seen us through the many (inevitable) crises of the past year. Thanks again to the husbands, volunteers, and friends, and to all our suppliers and customers. Looking forward to another very successful year, with best wishes to the new Directors.

AILEEN WHITE

VOLUNTEERS FOR THE TURNABOUT SHOP

Mrs. John Amsden, Mrs. K. M. Berlyn, Mrs. John Birks, Mrs. R. Birks, Mrs. J. D. Carling, Mrs. L. C. Carroll, Mrs. F. E. Case, Mrs. E. E. Christmas, Mrs. R. J. C. Collyer, Mrs. J. C. Cushing, Mrs. A. C. De Pass, Mrs. W. M. Deitrich, Mrs. J. A. Dixon, Mrs. S. E. Egar, Mrs. F. W. Fairman, Mrs. J. C. Finnie, Mrs. Guy Fisher, Mrs. F. Owen Fredrick, Mrs. D. French, Mrs. L. G. Hampson, Mrs. M. M. Hannaford, Mrs. A. H. Holden, Mrs. H. H. Johnston, Mrs. John Kemp, Mrs. T. B. King, Mrs. J. G. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Sydney Lyman, Mrs. N. H. Manning, Mrs. A. D. McCall, Mrs. A. S. McTavish, Mrs. L. M. Nelson, Mrs. H. H. Nercessian, Mrs. Ross Newman, Mrs. J. Pepall, Mrs. J. M. Savage, Mrs. B. C. Scrivener, Mrs. Howard Smith, Mrs. D. H. Starkey, Mrs. W. T. Stewart, Mrs. A. G. Thom, Mrs. A. T. Thom, Mrs. J. H. Tennant, Mrs. Bruce Ward, Mrs. C. Watt.

THE STUDY OLD GIRLS' NEWS

Anne Hale has been appointed to a fellowship at Brown University under the United States Department of Public Health.

Last year Joyce Blond gained her B.C.L. and will sit for the Bar in June.

Anna Guthrie has returned from Geneva where she studied, at the Institut Internationale, a course which she describes as modern history, international law and economics, and a little political theory thrown in. She is now in the Economics Research Department of the Royal Bank.

Phoebe Redpath (now Mrs. Henry Roper) spent last year in Boston and gained the Certificate of the Harvard School of Education.

Lesley Gray (now Mrs. Bohm) got her B.Sc. from McGill University and has been studying at the University of Saskatchewan.

B.As. from McGill include Janet (Savage) Blachford, Sandra Smith, Joan de Pass and Audrey Hamilton.

Wendy Stevenson got her degree from Bishop's University, Ann Van Alstyne from Smith College and Louise Whitaker from Sir George Williams University.

Jill Jenkins has graduated from the Montreal General Hospital and is working in England.

The S.O.G.A. records with sorrow the death of Isabel Joseph who graduated from The Study in 1958. A Prefect and Sub-Head of Mu Gamma, Isabel was a top science student and, at the time of her death, had just completed three years at McGill.

MARRIAGES

Judy Darling to J. D. K. Evans
Mary Bogert to W. John Sambrook
Phoebe Redpath to Henry Roper
Judith Anne Macnutt to John Ricardo Jones
Beverley Mellen to William Sofin
Sandra Smith to Duncan MacCrimmon
Stephanie Stern to Robert Erwin Glaymon
Judith Case to Edward Small
Lesley Gray to Dr. Bruce Bohm
Judith Thomas to William Lloyd Wornell
Diana Fairman to Graeme McMurray

BIRTHS

Mr. and Mrs. D. Douglas Creighton (Willa Ogilvie) a daughter
Mr. and Mrs. Neil Ivory (Joan Fraser) a daughter
Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Kaegi (Gerda Thomas) a daughter
Mr. and Mrs. Derek Priestley (Margery McCombe) a son
Mr. and Mrs. Denis Gaherty (Joan McKnight) a son
Mr. and Mrs. Graham Ross (Camilla Porteous) a son
Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Gameroff (Pearl Sperber) a son
Mr. and Mrs. Bart MacDougall (Janet Martin) a son
Mr. and Mrs. Michael Mulloy (Deidre Barr) a son
Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Keynes (Mary Hugessen) a daughter
Mr. and Mrs. James Hugessen (Mary Stavert) a daughter
Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Jarrett (Eleanor Lindsay) a son
Mr. and Mrs. Denis Drummond (Joan Kimber) a son
Lt. and Mrs. W. Peter Barnes, West Germany, U.S. Army a daughter.
(Connie L. Anglais) "Wendy".



In Memoriam

Mrs. Brian I. McGreevy, the former Elizabeth Joyce Pyke, died on February 9th, 1962.

A Study graduate, the mother of two Study graduates, and a former President of the S.O.G.A , Mrs McGreevy's life and interests were for many years intimately connected with the School.

Those of us who were her close friends, and who worked with her, will always remember the special gift she had of bringing out the best in people; her unfailing encouragement of those around her, and her warmth of personality and gaiety of spirit. She gave of herself in everything she did. Always aware of the little extra that was needed, she never missed an opportunity, and so added that small personal touch which so endeared her to everyone.

The Study is very privileged to have had such a friend, and the S.O.G.A. is proud of having this occasion to pay tribute to her memory on behalf of the School and its Old Girls.

